

# Elijah

Alela Diane

I met Madeline in the south of France  
Where she grew with the fig and broke bread with the moon  
Dark eyes of the evening brought her a son  
A blessing and burden for she was so young, so young

Water is cold with a wayward gale  
Much like the leaves I've become frail  
Madeline said 'I'd like to follow  
But I must stay well to care for Elijah  
I must stay well to care for Elijah, Elijah

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